

"I Wonder."

A child ran laughing on the beach,  
The sun shone warm and bright  
Upon her waving golden hair.

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 Her tiny form so slight,  
 "I wonder why the world's so fair,  
 So full of sun and song:  
 I wonder why the folk don't laugh  
 And play the whole day long."  
 A maid was walking on the strand,  
 She gazed far out to sea,  
 Where o'er the sunlit waters rode  
 A bark so gallantly.  
 "Ah, love is coming o'er the waves,  
 Is coming soon to me.  
 "Wonder how, in this sweet world,  
 Old folks such shadows see."  
 A woman stood upon the shore,  
 Her eyes with weeping red,  
 Looked sadly on the cruise that  
 That ne'er gives up its dead.  
 "I wonder why the world was made  
 So dark and full of care,  
 No wonder that life's burden seems  
 Too great for one to bear."  
 Near by the window's ledge there sat  
 A grand dame old and gray—  
 The window looking out to sea  
 Where ships at anchor lie.  
 "I wonder when mine eye shall see  
 Life's ship at anchor lie  
 Within God's harbor peacefully  
 For all eternity."

Nice old gentleman he was; big white waist-coat, low cut shoes, bald head and silver-bowed

proteables. He led in the singing on Sunday evenings in the hotel parlor, and sang that fashionable song, "in 'Coronation' and 'China'" in that sonorous up and down style which country choristers used to practice in accompanying the big fiddle, and with the aid of the hand, beccetled loud and clear, as if he had a good open-country deafness.

He was 'lookin' round the house 't next night and stepped in where some of the boys were playing cards—something or t'her. They were talking of 'wille' and 'raisin' and 'winning'—

The boys looked a little disconcerted, but the old man said any thing till the hand was played out, and one party, under the impression of an engagement, winked at the others and said he must go, intending to break up till the old man had gone away and then resume the game. But he had scarce turned his back when the aged visitor remarked—

"I wonder he didn't 'raise' ye with the hand he held."

"Do ye understand the game?" asked one of the party, taking a cigar from his mouth.

"Wall, a leetle—I've seen 'em playin' on it, an' sometimes tho't that I'd like to take a hand jes' for fun."

"Jest so," said another; "suppose ye try a game or two with us."

"Wall, I don't mind, jest for the fun of the thing. I've seen the old folks play it with the

good deal of instruction, managed to get through the game, and won on the penny ante. "Thar,"

said he, "if that teller they's gone had been spunky and put in \$5, he'd get it instead of these eight cents, wouldn't he?"

"We, certainly," said one of the young men; "certainly. It's your deal, uncle. Now, why don't you go in for a \$5 ante?"

"Well, said the old fellow, throwing round the cards, "I do not like it well, but I can't get nothin' but a \$20 bill that I drew onto the bank to come here with."

"Well uncle," said the other, gathering up and looking at his cards, "I'll go you for 20, and you can put it in the missionary box when you win it, if you like."

"Sho' 'n I'll ken," said the old man. "I don't think 'twud be gambolin' ef' thet's the case."

"Not at all," said the other, winking to his companions.

"Well, then, I don't care if I go yer this ere other 20, but I s'pose you think I'm daarin' on it to skear ye—but our denomination's t'aral poor, and a big contribution is jest what they're hankerin' arter."

"Oh, no, I'll cover your fifty, uncle; we ought to be liberal, you know," and so the game went on till finally the old man remarked: "Well, I'd

"I see this 'ere roll of bills in my pocket—so you call, do ye?—five hundred dollars!—yes, you have got three pinters—three queens and a jack! Well, 'tis kinder queer I got those queens—'tis 'lar! haw! haw!"

"Yes, I'm sorry for you, but what are your other cards?" asked the young man, triumphantly.

"Well, three on 'em ex kings—why, darn it all, that 'ere pot o' money's mine, young fel," said he, stretching out a powerful paw and squeezing the bills out of the hand of the young man, who had already begun to roll them up.

"Frags! mister, you'd better be careful and agin," said he to the other, who had returned.

meantime. "They are goin' to sing some sam tunes up stairs before going to bed, and I prom-

There was a black look of amazement in that circle as he left, and the thought forced itself into more than one mind of the danger of trusting to appearances.—*Boston Commercial.*

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**A Cat Slide.**

A *fete champetre* is what Mr. Guffey gave out in the Western Addition the other day. To

those who object to the reckless use of this specially imported word these hard times, we would insist that *a few* crows are the better. Addition consists in inviting your friends to take supper on the wet grass in the back yard, by the light of the moon and the stars, and the lanterns strung in shrubbery and among the fence. Mr. Mahaffey, who lives next door to Guffey and in the same block, was not invited to this dazzling display of joy and good cheer. He was disgusted. From his third story back window he gazed upon the giddy throng getting their feet wet and shivering with delight in Guffey's garden. He could be content to see the boys pop champagne corks no longer. He determined to wreak a terrible revenge. But how? Hark! he was not just distant but the signal that the regular evening Western was about to begin. He was about to begin? As he listened, a Mephistophelean—a demoniac!—smile stole over Mr. Mahaffey's face. Demoniac! Yes, the devil in the pantry! He secured a can of lard, and then proceeded to climb out on the roof of the block, which, it happened, was a sloping one covered with moss. Crawling like a snake, he reached Guffey's residence. Mr. Mahaffey, so fully greased the rear interior of the roof to the depth of half-an-

The cats came along from the other end of square on regular schedule time, warbling in

their usual climate but impressed style. Mr. Guffey had just risen in the moonlight to prepare the health of Miss Gussie Diddlefunder, when zip 'womp' and a big horse, driven and acted as driver by a major in the army, dashed through the starlit atmosphere, with his claws full of shingles and hard, and lit on the cliff front of Mr. Guffey like a steam pile-driver. That gentleman turned a square back somewhat over his ear, while at the same time a small chicken sailed and finally got over the house with a noise like those burglarious alow of a bull dog. After Mr. G. had packed himself up and knocked down two waxes, under the impression that something was wrong, setting out a straight razor and a tin of the famous safety razor, and Mrs. Diddlem had just consented to take another section of house turkey, when a white bombshell dropped out of the sky and exploded the ice cream pyramid at the entire messanblage. It was done in a really noble way by Mr. Guffey. The Addition, and the wicked Mr. Mahaffey chuckled as four ladies went into hysterics, and the gentlemen guests stood that astonished animal off the premises with out glass goblets, bananas and champagne. By this time the ladies were all there. Every one that struck the ground floor gave a spasmodic yarp, clutched the circumference air, whistled down brakes, and took a header for the festivities. The uproar was terrific. All the fire alarms in the neighborhood were turned on, and whistles were blown clear round the square. When the police and fire department arrived, there averaged four cats in the air all the time, and Mr. Guffey's guests were talking of lynching the miserable man, who was working in the refrigerator, for putting up a job on them. "The next time Guff gave a fancy exhibition he'll know who to invite, but your boots," said Mr. Mahaffey, with a pensive smile, as he put down his window and turned in.—*Norfolk Post*.

The Mexican Government pays a premium of fifty dollars per head for the capture of a coyote for the introductions of bona fide European